



AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1804.

Conjugal Love,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF
FLORIO AND ELVIRA.

THE happiness of conjugal life, the friendship subsisting between two persons, who are dearer to each other than all that the world can fancy, has been the favourite theme of our most virtuous, and, I may add, of our most excellent writers. Who can read that charming portrait of matrimonial bliss, at the conclusion of Thomson's Spring, contrasted as it is with the savage maxims of eastern climes, without catching the poet's enthusiasm, and fondly wishing for a 'beautiful friend,' as another of our poets has happily called a wife.

Indeed, of all the pleasures that tend to sweeten and to endear human life, none can be more worthy the regards of rational beings, than those which flow from the reciprocal returns of conjugal love. The passions of youth, prone to wander loosely from object to object, are here blended, in one mixed and settled affection, the source of a felicity inconceivable but by the happy pair, whom virtuous love and friendship thus unite. Hence the anxiety of each for the other's welfare, that forms the disinterested wish, and thinks not for itself, but for the happy object of its love. Hence that sweet sympathy, that participation even of affliction, which more than mitigates its pangs; and hence those communications of tenderness and joy, which heighten prosperity itself, and crown the blessings of humanity with rich completion. Nor has the world been wanting in scenes, in which these

sentiments have appeared in the most beautiful reality, of which the following remarkable history is an instance that cannot but delight every reader.

In the beginning of the too memorable year, in which the failure of the Charitable Corporation ruined half those who had not been before undone by the fatal South Sea scheme, Florio, a Gentleman of a considerable estate in Wales, was married to Elvira, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in London, with whom he had a fortune of 7000l.

This money which he at first intended to pay off a mortgage, with which part of his estate was incumbered, he rashly embarked in this fatal fund, and lost it all. He felt this misfortune the more severely, as he had brought it upon himself without the knowledge of Elvira, or of her father. His mortgage also was a secret to them; but as he knew that both these circumstances must soon come to light, from the impossibility of living in his usual style, he could not but dread the reproaches of those persons whose love and esteem he was anxious to preserve.

These reflections threw him into a deep melancholy, which in vain he endeavoured to conceal from his wife. She begged to know the cause. At first he denied that there was any, and affected a more cheerful behaviour. But she soon saw through the thin disguise, and convinced that some latent grief preyed upon his mind she redoubled her entreaties. One day when they were alone, she threw her arms about his neck, and bathing his cheeks with her tears, conjured him not to refuse making her the partner of his griefs. Overcome by her tenderness, Florio at last exclaimed, 'Oh! my dear, I have wronged you, wronged you beyond forgiveness!' 'I believe it among

the things impossible,' answered Elvira, 'for you to wrong any one; and I am sure it is yet more so for you to do any thing that my love would not forgive.'

He could resist no longer, but, after a few struggles within himself, repeated to her the whole affair. She listened with attention, seemed a little surprised, but discovered not one emotion of grief or resentment. When he had finished the melancholy recital, 'I confess, my dear,' said Elvira, 'that these are misfortunes, but I cannot think them of moment enough to depress your spirits in the manner they have done.'—'How, my dear,' returned Florio, 'do you not consider, that by this fatal accident I am deprived of the means of supporting you in the manner I ought to do, and which you had a right to expect when you blessed me with your hand? We must lay down our coach'—'Do you imagine,' resumed Elvira, with the most obliging smile, 'that I have so much pride, or so little love, as not to be as well content with walking as with riding when I have you by my side.'—'Oh! but,' cried he, 'what will your father say?'

On this she paused a moment, but soon replied, 'As to my father, I know he looks upon these public schemes as mere bubbles, and his aversion to them may make him accuse you of some imprudence; and therefore he shall not know it. I have thought of an expedient,—'Heavens!' cried he, 'what expedient? Will not the very change in my way of living betray my folly to your father?'—'I will tell you my dear,' answered she, 'we will quit this expensive town, and live at your country seat, till your affairs are entirely retrieved.'

It must here be observed, that this amiable woman had so great an aversion

to the country, that before marriage she had exacted the most solemn promise from Florio never to take her down to Wales. He could not therefore but be surprized at hearing her make this offer. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'you can be determined?'—'Entirely so,' answered she, 'and, if you approve of it, I will go tomorrow to my father, and tell him that I have a curiosity to see your estate, and will pass some time in Wales for that purpose. He will not suspect the truth of what I say, and when we get there I can pretend to him by letters, that I like the place so well that I cannot think of leaving it. Thus will this misfortune be always a secret from him, and from every one else from whom you would wish to conceal it.'

'But can you, my dear,' said Florio, not yet recovered from his consternation, 'can you resolve to absent yourself from your father, and all your relations to whom your company is so dear? Can you forego your native air, and quit the gay delights which the town affords, and to which you have been so long accustomed? Can you be content to live an exile amidst rocks and barren mountains?'

'With pleasure,' answered this charming wife, 'when you are my guide and my companion. Paint not, therefore, the place of your retreat in dismal colours. I begin already to form the most delightful ideas of it. I shall forget the music of the opera, while listening to the notes, which Heaven has taught the little songsters of the air. The frisking kids and sportive lambkins on the mountain tops will afford me more diversion than all the assemblies in the Hay-market; and the sincere welcomes of our honest tenants and their ruddy dames will please me better than the unmeaning compliments of fops and fools.'

The husband of this excellent woman was so overcome with rapture at these unexpected expressions, that he could not forbear catching her in his arms, and crying out in the poet's words,

'Sure there is in thee all we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.'

Elvira kept her promise with the same cheerfulness that she had made it, and dispatched every thing requisite for their departure with such alacrity, that in less than a week the happy pair set out for Wales. On her arrival, the resolution she had taken to be pleased with whatever she found there rendered her so in reality. The country, by degrees, became

as agreeable to her as it had once been irksome; and the remembrance of the noise and hurry of the town gave her rather a disgust than a desire of returning to it. This she not only declared, but testified, by requesting her husband to continue there when his affairs were re-established. They seldom came to London more than once in three or four years, and their stay there never exceeded a month or six weeks at a time. In a few years they were the happy parents of a numerous offspring, and long lived blest in each other, loved and respected by their neighbours, and almost adored by their tenants and dependants.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO CENSOR.

SIR,

MY answer to your last communication shall be short, as I heartily agree with the Editor in his remark that "our disputes may not always be interesting to a number of readers."

I am sorry it is not in my power to compliment you on your improvement of style in the production now before me, which exhibits much less of the censorious critic, but much more of the gentleman than your first. The first appeared to me as the production of an angry combatant, the latter an essay written by a man who can govern his temper.—In one instance only have you departed from this exalted character, in your strictures on my calling you L'AMI's friend; be assured sir, I would not have thus named you, after your declaration, that you were not a defender of L'AMI, had it not been for the following sentence, "Your resolution of obstinate silence in future, with respect to L'AMI, may probably not extend to CENSOR."—Here it appears that you were not sure but I might consider you both as one, you doubted, and I realized your doubts—my answer to your observations on my first sentence, I find has not satisfied you. "As there was no other substantive (you say) in the sentence which the adjective *last* could qualify, the grammatical construction necessarily led me to fix it upon controversy." It is well known to every grammarian that when the article *the* is placed before an adjective, the noun is *out* understood; thus, 'the just shall be rewarded in heaven.' Now is it possible that because there is no other noun in this example but heaven,

that you would, in your own correct phraseology, *fix* just upon it, and so make nonsense of the whole sentence?—

"I might have suffered them to have sunk," I gave you my reason for this mode of expression, of which you take no notice; but oppose me with an example from *Murray*—an answer to my argument would have been better. Your observations on the pluperfect tense are very unsatisfactory, had you attended strictly to the rule I gave, you certainly would have been convinced that it is no impossibility for you to be mistaken—but that you perceived, would not answer your purpose—on this subject I shall no longer spend time—Your next is worthy of notice, you say, "Reasoning by induction, is when we infer universally concerning an *idea* what we have before affirmed or denied separately of all its parts—now every one *must* know that *Euclid* makes use of no such form of reasoning as this"—Indeed, *must every one know*? how comes it then to pass, that millions know nothing of the matter?—solve this difficulty first, secondly instruct me, if you please, how to besect or quarter an idea, for of this art, I acknowledge my ignorance, and you are absolutely correct in affirming that of such a mode of reasoning, *Euclid* makes no use; it never entered into his mind to attempt dividing an *IDEA* into parts.—I have never seen *Andrews's logic*, and if this be one of his definitions, I do not much regret it. I said in my last, that in *direct* mathematical demonstration, the inductive method of reasoning could not be used; but you sir, ought to know that *Euclid* sometimes reasons *indirectly* and from an induction of particulars draws a general conclusion as in the 14 of book 1st, 1 of book 3d, &c. in the remainder of this part of your answer there is nothing worthy of remark, only your endeavouring to correct this clause "He (*viz.*) *Euclid* exhibits a very striking species of induction, as from a number of general propositions he constantly draws a general conclusion"—You say, "particular (I presume you mean)" no sir, I said what I meant, and had I used particular, it would have proven to every mathematician that I knew nothing of my subject. All *Euclid's* propositions are general—for they are absolutely true in all cases—"I thought a pity"—I informed you that this was elliptical for 'I thought it was a pity,' but this you overlooked, and tell me "I quibbled a good deal"—if I quibbled I really did not know it, to quib-

ble is to play upon words, upon what word did I play? and then "a good deal"—*deal* means a part, or quantity—to quibble a good part or good quantity!!—I doubt, my dear sir, you have *accidentally* made use of a low expression closely bordering on nonsense, and besides, nearly a-kin to an untruth—assuredly I did not quibble—I leave yourself to judge. Our language abounds with phrases in which the elipsis is absolutely necessary for the grammatical construction, see your favorite *Murray* page 177, "wo is me" that is, wo is to me; "I walked a mile," that is, through the space of a mile, and I add, 'I thought a pity,' that is, I thought it was a pity: therefore I conclude that I committed no grammatical error, for pity is governed by is, in the nominative case. On will and shall, your answer is curious, *Murray* makes no distinction in whose name the promise is made, you make a distinction, therefore you are wrong.—If such reasoning can satisfy you, we had better drop the subject; for assuredly, instead of improving, we grow worse.—I have now done, and on this subject will no more resume my pen.

AN ADVOCATE FOR
MATRIMONY.

SHEEP STEALING.

The following is related as a fact, as having actually happened some years since in the state of Connecticut.

A MAN in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to his neighbor's (a wealthy farmer) sheepfold for relief. The neighbor having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive he had lost any, until one of the finest in the flock, very large and fat, was missing—and counting his sheep, found he had lost several. Unable to account for his extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight, he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well to observe the conduct of the person as to find him out, induced him to lie still. In the flock, there was a large ram, with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep.—"Well, Mr. RAM," says the nocturnal sheep stealer, "I am come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?" Upon which, he replied himself, as in the person of the ram. "Yes, I

have sheep to sell." By this time the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his neighbors. "What will you take for that large fat wether?" says the purchaser. "Four dollars," replies Mr. RAM. "That is a high price," says the man; "but as you are so good as to wait on me for the pay, I think I will take him." "Well Mr. RAM," continues the honest sheep-buyer, "let us see how many sheep I have bought of you." "If I am not mistaken," says Mr. RAM, "this makes the fifth;" and then went on to cast up the amount of the whole; and after giving Mr. RAM a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him a good night, took the wether and led him home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole. A few nights afterwards, when he supposed his neighbour was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old Ram, tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote in large letters, I HAVE COME AFTER MY PAY. Under this line, he footed up the amount of the five sheep exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near his door and then went home. When the neighbor arose in the morning, he was not a little surprised, to find a sheep tied to his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the Old Ram with whom he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of the five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say, he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home ginging his money as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

Our vices and virtues couple with one another, and get children that resemble both their parents.

WOMAN.

A Woman, among savages, is a beast of burden; in the East, a piece of furniture; and in Europe a spoiled child; in America, the lovely and beloved, and companion of man.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE MEDITATOR—No. III.

Shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works: honour dishonourable!
Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind
With shews instead, mere shews, of seeming pure;
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity, and spotless innocence? *Milton.*

FEW circumstances can be so interesting as that which relates to the conduct of men in society. Their actions might be so modified and directed as to establish a perfect harmony of opinion; blending the interest of all in one common centre and so adapting the parts that no infraction could be made upon the principles of moral integrity. Though this idea may seem chimerical, it must nevertheless be granted, that there are emanating from a number of existing substances evils of a corrupt nature; and when these are discovered it behoves us to be watchful lest the contagion becomes general. As we proposed to compute establishments only from the relative good appertaining therefrom to the public, the subject in discussion cannot be relinquished without investigating the inutility of dramatic associations with regard to the members themselves. But in order to prevent confusion, it is requisite that the rubbish which has been scattered upon the topic be first cleared away. A few hints to a scribler, denominated VERITAS! shall therefore interrupt us but a short time.

First devis'd

By SATAN, and in part propos'd: from whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to 'confound' the race!"

Though it was my fixed determination to treat your licentiousness with the contempt it merits; yet upon further deliberation, methought that neglect would produce a privation of sense altogether,—or, at least nothing short of the mania could have been apprehended; so I resolved to indulge you with a glance for a moment.

When a writer proposes to tolerate an opinion it is essential to carry conviction of its propriety to the understanding of all whom that opinion may affect. This can only be done by the appearance of truth, which becomes evident by the conception of the senses. The tenets which I endeavour to inculcate may be erroneous; yet nothing but impartial reasoning can have any weight in proving a contrary position. Upon this ground I will listen with deference to any argument which is used to refute whatever has been or may be

premised; esteeming it a noble maxim to be ever ready to receive instruction. But when a being comes forward wielding the pen of slander, with no other intent but to criminate an unknown person, alledging nothing in disproof of what he had advanced, that being then is fit for no other station but to be an inmate of Billingsgate. Are you conscious that you have been impartial in examining the sketches of the first number? If so, why those base assertions which bear the stamp of implacable bitterness? Wherein have you shewn any support to the declamations of your puerile production, is it not left naked as chaff, which may, by the smallest puff of wind be involved in a vortex of confusion? Forbear to gully the "Pierian springs," with an unclean tongue; for be assured the *mushroom literati* have but a temporary reign, "and when they fall they fall like Lucifer, never to rise again."

Further, you have told us that "dramatic societies may produce men of genius. A wonderful prediction VERITAS, but pray, since the first lisp of your darling muse, why have you not produced one solitary instance of this inspiring power? Alas! sir, your discoveries hold by a tottering precipice, which threatens to waft its imbecile architect into the ocean of perdition, where the unruly surf will echo your howlings to the unanswering shore.—But this is not all: "abilities" you have said "displayed in delivering the most insipid scrap may make it agreeable." How, sir, do you define the term "*insipid scrap*?" Surely not by affirming a sentence of truth to be such. Falsehood then, or forsooth Sancho's doleful *requiem* for the defunct Rosenante chaunted forth with "delivering ability," would touch the heart-strings of VERITAS with greater delight than uncoloured truth: which in a simple garb cannot to you, ever be a rule of conduct or expression. Perhaps you will say, that your perceptible powers were so employed in trying to penetrate the sense of a paragraph, which by the by, the dairy maid could have explained to your satisfaction, that you misused the import of the latter assertion. If that was the case VERITAS, invoke your *naughty stars*, to lead you no more into such a sorrowful dilemma and beg of them to grant you some lucid interval when your soul soars to the regions of learning. But above all, know that *self controul* is the fountain of wisdom, and when you begin another essay to uphold a

"polished system," do glean from it some decent words to express your sentiments. Lastly: perchance you may *spontaneously* determine again to "*confound and not confute*;" if so, jump into Pandora's box—bestride the fiery dragon, and foam innumerable scorpions to the height of Parnassus.—*Exit.*—

An apology is due for the notice taken of those who tread the "humble paths of life;" but an excuse will be the more readily granted, after reflecting how much indulgence is necessary to calm the irritable passions. We promise, however, to obtrude no more upon the patience of the reader, as regards the ribaldry which may be vented from the licensed mouths of unlettered demagogues; but, for further contention we refer them to the nocturnal ale-house assemblies, where the motly group assert the Rights of Man,—explode the doctrine of submission to authority, and where towering genius embraces a vast political theme rendered permanent by the plentiful emission of the exhilarating waters: To proceed—

Some have absurdly thought that eloquence consists in persuading the hearer to believe and act according to doctrines which the orator knows to be false. But we shall define it thus: to impress by speaking truth and justice in such a manner as to produce the effect intended. This opinion was held by the ancient rhetoricians: "*Non posse Oratorem esse nisi virum bonum.*" Now it is well known, that plays are nothing more than idle fictions, and frequently of an immoral tendency. How then can the actor ever expect to attain to any figure in oratory, when its constituent parts are, as we have seen, so repugnant to the nature of all plays? It may be urged that the members of a dramatic society acquire a graceful deportment and gesture by acting. But do we discern in a player these qualifications or any thing else to distinguish him particularly, except, a ridiculous mien and a habitual stiffness in speech unworthy of imitation? The case is different with the individuals of a spouting club, as we can class their acquisitions in a few words. In whatever company they happen to be in, we may at intervals hear citations from some favourite dramatist, with which their memories are abundantly supplied, but so resembling lunatics at times, that by sudden starts, devout sighs, eyes turned towards the firmament as if impatient for the 'twelfth hour,' and sometimes upon bended knee, craving the ineffable

blessing of kissing a lady's finger-nail, a spectator would conclude these motions to be no other than a species of modern chivalry, introduced with an intent to methodise the art of gallantry. Do not these actions preclude them from participating in any familiar conversation? The man of sense will scorn the incongruous puppet who invades domestic quiet by such flagrant outrages.—

Hence Catilines in every soil abound,
While Catos, Brutuses, are rarely found.

Juvenal.

Men are endued with various talents which fit them for different stations in life. The labour of the mechanic is not so small as to admit of an application to theatric difficulties; for we may venture to say, that by a strictness to utterance, the variations of the body and the attempt to excite transitory passions no task could be more arduous than that of a dramatic character. But, should this difficulty be slighted, we will ask whether that attention could be paid to arts and literature as is necessary to bring them to perfection? The answer is obvious and the consequence is, that those who are thus addicted will relinquish their employments, convert their private property into implements for the stage, and from certain avenues we will behold periodical emigrations of strolling players. These speculations are not to be thought intirely theoretical; experience is the guide we shall always choose, and the hint given formerly of similar associations in Europe, serve as the present ground-work. To enumerate the many who became victims to this fantastic heroism would be impossible. All ages and sexes were seduced into the devious path; and when no alternative appeared, every means that artifice could suggest were resorted to for procuring surreptitiously, articles to embellish the stage and its votaries. Are not the dangers now to be found? Let us curb the monster, exhibit his deformity, and save the best principles of duty and honesty from being swallowed in his leviathan jaw.

M. C.

REMARK.

A cheat to the public is thought infamous, and yet to accuse him is not thought an honourable part. What a paradox!—It is an ill method to make the aggravation of the crime a security against the punishment; so that the danger is not to rob, but not to rob enough.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XI.

"Somnia terrores magicos miracula sagas
Nocturnos lemures portentoque——"

THE romances of Mrs. RADCLIFFE, among all modern ones, hold perhaps the first rank. Few of her cotemporaries have been able to equal her in her daring flights. Possessing an extensive imagination and great strength of mind, she has been enabled to develop them with judgment. Her principal characters are drawn with a bold hand in a most masterly manner, and generally of an original kind, whilst they are not unnatural. They are not such as can be found here, or such as at present exist, but admirably suit the time and country which were supposed to be the scenes of their action. Thus the character of *Schedoni* is one of the best of its kind, ever delineated in a novel. The austere and ambitious monk, the dark designing villain, are in him conceived and painted in a manner peculiar to herself.

It may have been observed, that priests, and priestcraft, have been favourite subjects with most of our romance writers, to exercise their invention on. Almost all have been desirous to introduce them as important characters in their works, and seem bent on making them the most finished and execrable villains. No class of men have been so much held up to detestation; at least by English novel writers. Those of other countries in Europe have not often been bold enough to attempt it in as open a manner. Those under the power of the church, had they so dared, they would most probably have been delivered over to its fury; and from a body of monks anxious to preserve their influence over the people, they could have expected no mercy. It seems however, that as that influence diminishes, as that superstition which has long held the world in fetters of ignorance vanishes, that eager entirely to obliterate every vestige of it, authors (in countries where that liberty was allowed them) have used all means to hold up to abhorrence that class of men who were the prime movers in its service.

None have been more admired for their exertions in this way than Mrs. RADCLIFFE. The horrors of the inquisition have been by her displayed in the most elegant and interesting manner; with how much justice however, we can-

not judge. The world at this distance has formed the most terrible ideas of the many iniquitous transactions to which its walls have been witnesses, and from these ideas, writers have planned those tales which have (generally) excited so much interest. Mrs RADCLIFFE has, I think, far exceeded all others, in her "Italian," which is considered, by many as her best work. It certainly possesses very superior merit, but, the "Mysteries of Udolpho" often excite greater curiosity; the mysterious events are enveloped in greater gloom and doubt, and were the reader left in the dark, by not finishing the work, he would never be able by his own invention to elucidate them. What astonishment is created in the reader, at the disappearance of Loudovico who had retired at night to watch in the haunted part of the castle, and in the morning was gone, neither could any probable means be conjectured of the cause of his absence, unless it had been by the interference of evil spirits!—I would not however venture to say it exceeds the "Italian," but think they are of nearly equal merit. They both are superior to either the "Romance of the Forest"—"Sicilian Romance," or "Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," by the same authoress.

Another modern writer of considerable celebrity is Mrs. ROCHE. It cannot be said of this lady as of Mrs. RADCLIFFE, that in each of her works she has rose to superior excellence. Her fame is built on the "Children of the Abbey," which far exceeds all her other performances; none which she has written since will bear a comparison with it. I know of no modern novel, which is better worth perusal than this, both from the elegance of the style, and the interest which the narrative excites. It is evidently the production of a feeling heart and cultivated mind. The two next novels in merit by this lady are the "Nocturnal Visit" and "Clermont." In this last, the authoress has departed from her usual track, to deal in mystery and horror. How well she has succeeded the readers of it may judge; she has at least equaled the majority of her cotemporaries.

Miss ANN YEARSLEY, by her (I believe only) performance in this line of writing, has entitled herself to a high rank among "novel writers." The "Royal Captives" is an elegant and affecting romance, far more meritorious than the "common run." Without particularising further, I

shall now mention some of those writers whose reputation is established by the merit of their works; among these Miss BURNEY ranks high—her "Cecilia," "Camilla" and "Evelina" are deservedly great favourites; Mrs. SMITH's "Celestina" "Emeline" "Old Manor House" and several others, have had their share of praise: Also, Mrs. PARSONS's "Girl of the Mountains:" Mrs. ROBINSON's "Vancenza," and some others, not necessary to mention.

To conclude; there are a number which lately have had a great run; and I heartily agree with Sir SIMON ROCHE in COLEMAN's celebrated comedy of "John Bull" "that they have run long enough, and it is high time they should be stopped." P.

SLEEP.

(From Herder's Scattered Leaves and Letters.)

AMONG the choir of countless genii, whom Jupiter created for men, in order to superintend and to bless the short period of a painful existence, was the dim Sleep. "What have I to do, (said he, surveying his dusky form,) in the midst of dazzling brethren? How sadly I look in the band of the Sports, of the Joys, and of the Loves! It may be that I am welcome to the unhappy, whom I lull to oblivion of their cares; it may be that I am welcome to the weary, whom I do but strengthen to new toil; but to those who are neither weary nor woe-begone, whom I only interrupt in the circle of their joys?"—Thou errest, (said the father of genii and of men) thou in thy dusky form shalt be a genius dear to all the world. Dost thou not think that sports and joys fatigue? In truth they tire sooner than care and want, and bequeath to their pampered host the most irksome sloth. And even thou (continued Jupiter) shalt not be without thy pleasures, but shalt often surpass therein the whole company of thy brothers." With these words he reached out the grey horn full of pleasing dreams: "Hence, (added he) scatter thy poppy seeds, and the happy no less than the miserable of mankind will wish for thee, and love thee above all thy brethren. The hopes, the sports and the joys, herein contained, were caught by the charmed fingers of thy sisters the Graces, on the most redolent meads of paradise. The ethereal dews that glitter on them will image to every one whom thou wouldst bless, his own wish; and as the Goddess of Love

sprinkled them with celestial nectar, their forms will be radiant with a glowing grace, which the cold realities of earth cannot attain. From amid the rosy band of the pleasures, gladly will men hasten to thy arms. Poets will sing of thee, and strive to rival thy enchantments in their songs. Even the innocent maid shall wish for thee, and thou wilt hang on her eyelids, a sweet, a welcome god."

The complaint of Sleep was changed into thankfulness and triumph, and he was united to the loveliest of the Graces—to Pasithea.

EXTRACT.

NOTHING is more common in mixed companies, than to see men of a ready utterance gain the ascendant over those of better understanding, though of few words; and, with puns, quibbles, and satirical strokes, pass among the shallow thinkers for men of real wit. It happens in conversation, as in the transactions of a busy life: as a man of cunning, who regards neither justice nor honesty, will, in many cases, outwit the man of wisdom, whose principles allow him not to deviate from the rule of right; so will a wag, who pays no attention to the laws of good nature, frequently outshine the considerate wit, who will suppress many a good thought, through fear of hurting or giving his neighbour offence. But the first will cut and thrust at friend or foe wherever he sees an opening; and provided he can shew his dexterity, will give little heed what object he happens to hit. The best method of dealing with these practitioners in the cut and thrust is, to keep yourself entirely on the defensive, till by some unlucky stroke, they throw themselves off their guard; if you will then aim a blow at them that perhaps will lay the scull open, and expose its contents; or if you will make a thrust, which, if they are not callous, will pierce them to the heart, they will fall most abject at your feet, and will seldom have the courage to renew the attack upon such a dangerous foe. Such wits I look upon as far inferior to a thrumber of wire, or a scraper of catgut, who can tickle my ear without doing mischief to any one. But when I meet with a man of learning and understanding that is communicative, I court his friendship, and I listen to him with so much the more pleasure, as I can acquire knowledge from him, without impairing my sight by the reading of books.

LIGHT.

WHEN God had spoken into being that illustrious globe of Light the Sun, every dark orb in the new-created system was so illuminated, as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vast variety of entertaining wonders, with which the creation was to be replenished.

Light, indeed, according to the *Mosaic* account, existed antecedent to the creation of the Sun, and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate succession of day and night.—God himself enlightened it, his spirit moved upon the surface of the chaotic mass, and divided the light from the darkness.*

When these divine beams were suspended, the same almighty power was pleased to supply their want by fixing the Sun in the mighty void to give Light upon the Earth; whereas, if the world had been left in its original rayless state, our very eyes would have been but a useless ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the solar rays stream swiftly from their blazing fountain, and by a regular and constant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is so swift, and their quantity of matter so minute, that when they come within the sphere, they are out of the force of the Earth's attraction; otherwise they would actually move about her with a compound motion, and make a perpetual sunshine.

Many of these rambling effluvia, in their passage from the Sun, unavoidably miss our world, travel on from system to system, and lose themselves in the pathless regions of empty space; but here they never stream in vain, like so many ready obsequious servants they visit every object, fly to us unasked, and pleasantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

* Gen. Ch. i. ver. 2, 3, 4.

CRITIQUE ON VOLTAIRE.

(From *Sherlock's Letters on various Subjects*.)

"I AM Voltaire's friend and enemy. He is a very voluminous, and a very unequal author. There is a great deal of good and a great deal of bad in him. His writings sometimes breathe a spirit of humanity and a love of tolerance, which must endear him to every reader. His style is charming, always rapid, easy,

brilliant. Diction in writing is like colouring in a picture; it is the first thing that strikes, and with most persons the only thing. Splendid language and bright colours will dazzle ninety-nine people in a hundred, captivate their eye and their fancy, and impose upon their understanding. This has been the grand magic by which this seducing writer has fascinated almost all classes of readers. No man ever wrote with greater elegance, delicacy, or grace. So polished, so agreeable, so full of the tone of the best company, he must please every person, who loves mankind, who admires wit, and who knows how to appreciate the charms of fine writing.

"Turn the medal, and what an unhappy reverse! Audacious preacher of infidelity, malignant calumniator of the most virtuous characters, odious encourager of every preacher of vice, he sacrificed all human and divine ideas to his favourite passions; and prostituted talents, formed to adorn humanity, to a miserable love of money and fame. A prostitute he was, and of the most despicable class. Born to independence, and possessed of affluence early in life, he could not plead the solicitations of necessity; and the innumerable passages of invective, licentiousness and impiety, which abound in his works, make him fall an unpitied victim of his own innate baseness and depravity.

"Here let it not be imagined I declaim against a philosopher enlightened and humane. I declaim against him because he was not humane. Was that man the lover of his race, who deprived the afflicted of their most healing balm, and the aged of their greatest consolation? Let the aged and the afflicted answer the question—Where lies the alleviation of their sufferings? Is it not in religion? Was that man then the friend of mankind, who endeavoured to rob so large a portion of it of their strongest hope, and of their most pleasing enjoyment? Was that man the friend of mankind, who brought the Chevalier de Barre to be broke alive on the wheel, and who sowed unhappiness throughout the world, as far as he propagated immorality?

"His tragedies, you will say, are moral and instructive. And why are they? Because to fill them with noble sentiments and sound morality was the most likely method to insure their success. Individuals love their own private vices. Bodies of men ever love and counten-

ance virtue. A romance or poem is written for an individual in the dark. A tragedy is addressed to a collective body in the face of day. He knew all this, and desirous only to please every palate, he served up virtue to the virtuous, and vice to the debauched, and gave to both the highest seasoning a luxuriant fancy could compose.

"If you will permit me to follow this metaphor, and return to his talents, I will say, Voltaire was a great literary cook. Give him good meats, no man knew better how to dress them. But they must be given him, for he was not rich enough to provide them himself.

"Do not you think his works resemble Corinthian brass? He took the gold of Shakespeare, Virgil, Corneille, Racine, Ariosto, and Pope, and the silver of La Fare, Chanlieu, Fontenelle, and Hamilton, and melted them together in the crucible of his brain. The metal produced was neither pure, nor gold, nor silver, it was brass, but it was Corinthian brass."

ANECDOTES.

AT the battle of Monmouth, General Lee who commanded the advance of the American army, from some cause, not yet developed, had beat a retreat, and met the intrepid Washington, marching to his support, with the whole line of the army. Gen. Washington with surprise, immediately accosted him with, "What is the reason of this extraordinary retreat?" "Sir, (replied Lee) your troops will not fight British grenadiers." Washington immediately retored, "Sir, you never tried it."

A parson, remarkable for parsimony, having a number of men to cut out wood gratis, carried round the *Peau de vie* in a very small glass. One of the laborers holding it very carelessly, the parson begged him not to break it; "for," says he, "I have had it these twenty years." "Pardon me," replied the wag—"it is the smallest thing of its age that I ever saw!"

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance, from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him

sufficient for his support, and yet at length he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate; "With whom, Sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it I should live? I am wretched; you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, Sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belongs to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, Sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I should lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor, melting into tears took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, Sir," said he—"this is mine—this I can give."

THE late Lord Orford used to relate, that a dispute once arose in his presence in the way of raillery, between the late Earl Temple and the first Lord Lyttleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Lyttleton contended that the name *Grenville* was originally *Greenfield*: Lord Temple insisted that it was derived from *Grande Ville*. Well, then, said Lord Lyttleton, if you will have it so, my family may boast of the higher antiquity, for *little towns* were certainly antecedent to *great cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation I will give up the point, for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either.

RIDICULOUS CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

THE Mahometans believe that a restive camel perceived Mahomet at a distance, and came to him, and fell on his knees before the prophet, who stroking him ordered him to amend his life, and that Mahomet afterwards fed 30,000 men with a sheep's liver; that he afterwards cut the moon in two, made the mountains dance and a roasted shoulder of mutton speak. The Musslemen assert, that the performance of such amazing prodigies, so much above all human strength and cunning, was absolutely necessary to convince stubborn minds.

In the city of Bantam the inhabitants offer their first fruits to the evil spirit, and nothing to the Deity, who (they say) is great and glorious, and stands in no need of their offerings.

In the Isle of Formoso, when a man is dangerously ill, they put a slip knot about his neck and strangle him, to save him from a lingering illness.

Philadelphia, June 9, 1804.

The Rev. Mr. Hey will preach in the first presbyterian church, in Market-Street, at half after 7 o'clock to-morrow evening.

OFFICIAL.

MAY 25.

As a testimonial of the PRESIDENT's high opinion of the gallant conduct of Lieutenant DECATUR, in taking and destroying the frigate Philadelphia, a commission to him as captain in the Navy has been duly issued, and will without delay be transmitted to Commodore Preble, to be presented to him.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Preble, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the Constitution, Syracuse harbour, Feb. 19, 1804.

Feb. 12th.—I received about 20 Maltese sailors and pilots from the Island of Malta, which by permission of the governor I ordered to be shipped there. These men I shall want to distribute among our sailors in latteen boats, as they are accustomed to them.

19th.—A prize to the Nautilus has this moment arrived, captured to the Eastward of Tripoli. She is a brig from Malta under English colours, bound to Tripoli, loaded with hemp and spars, ready made sails, bale goods and building stone, and has nine Tripolines on board.

MARRIED, at Friends' Meeting, Jacob S. Wain to Sarah Morris, daughter of Benj. W. Morris.

—on Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Green, Mr. William F. Stokes to Miss Susan R. Brown, both of this city.

—fifth day last, at Friends' Meeting, Moorestown, N. J. Cadwallader Evans, of Philadelphia, to Lucy Hollingshead, daughter of Morgan Hollingshead, Moorestown.

—on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. William Hamilton to Miss Hannah Ustick, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Ustick, all of this city.

—at Baltimore, on Sunday evening last, by the rev. Wm. Dunkin, Mr. Samuel Poolson, to Miss Polly G. Gist, daughter of col. J. Gist, both of Frederick county, Maryland.

To Correspondents.

"Peter Portable" is too 'nonsensically voluminous' for the Repository.

"The Visitor" lacks all the qualifications necessary to render him a welcome guest.

The hint by "a friend" shall be attended to by the editor.

*. Subscribers will please to take notice, that the sixth payment of 25 cents will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A YOUNG LADY, having expressed to the AUTHOR her intention of renouncing the pleasures of HOPE, he wrote the following *Lines Extempore*.

STILL, *hope*, fair maid, 'nor let despair'
Thy tender breast invade,
O banish from thee ev'ry care
Nor life's fair sunshine shade.

Of smiling *Hope*, say not, that she
To idle flattery's giv'n;
She always was, and still will be
Our guide to bliss and heav'n.*

Though care and sorrow us surround,
As life's rough path we tread;
Though anguish oft inflicts a wound,
Till we are with the dead:

Still she, bright nymph gilds ev'ry scene,
She silences each care,
She fills our hearts with peace serene,
And banishes despair.

Though oft the fleeting shadow flies,
Or fades before the view,
Yet onward still each mortal hies,
The vision to pursue.

And still will I tho' she deceive
And disappoint me, still
(Tho' oft deluded) I'll believe
And bend me to her will.

For who alone would dare to grope
Along this darksome way,
Nor cheer'd by joy, nor led by hope
To shed a lively ray.

Not I, for when I cease to hope
I'll bid this world adieu,
Nor give my wand'ring fancy scope,
Aught but the grave to view.

But hush this vain, this idle fear—
Thou still, celestial maid,
Shalt from mine eyes wipe ev'ry tear
And joy around me shed.

ADELIO.

* The author is by no means satisfied with the construction of this verse, and is fully sensible there are faults in some of the others, which might easily be corrected, but the nature of the piece forbids his making any alterations.

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

AT ten a child; at twenty wild;
At thirty strong, if ever;
At forty wise; at fifty rich;
At sixty good—or never.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SONNET TO ENVY.

SCOWLING maid with jaundiced eyes,
Whom nor love, nor joy can know;
Sprites that from *Avernus* rise
Are thy company below.

Jealousy, detraction, all
Plagues which haunt the human race,
And infest this earthly ball,
Striving virtue to disgrace:

These destroying hellish fiends,
Yield thee poisons for thy board;
These are thy infuriate friends,
Murder, strife, and fell discord.

Avant! lest thy malignant breath,
Blight artless innocence with death.

KASKADANDA.

THE TOASTS: A FABLE.

SATAN one day (one night I mean,
For days in Hell are seldom seen)
At Pandemonium in state
Among his peers carousing sat,
To celebrate our Parents' fall
In draughts of liquid fire and gall:
The toasts in bumpers flew around,
The palace-roofs the toasts resound,
And all was noise, yet all unite
To pelt Heav'n with their blunted spite:—
Beelzebub gave his harlot *Pride*,
To match whose charms he Hell defied;
Envy by Baal then was given,
Foe to herself, to Earth and Heav'n:
Avarice was Mammon's toast, a vice
Would make a Hell of Paradise,—
My toast, cries Ashteroth, shall be
That Janus-prude *Hypocrisy*;
And mine, quo' Behal,—*Idleness*,
Whose charms both fiends and men confess
Dear *Idleness*! to whom we owe
Myriads on myriads here below;—
Dagon gave *Falsehood*, a mean jest,
Still mask'd, and cloath'd in rainbow vest;
A will o'th'wisp, that leads astray,
A coward vice, that dreads the day;—
Moloch gave blood-stain'd *Cruelty*,—
And Thammuz, *Infidelity*;
But to that toast they all objected
As one, no fiend there recollected,
(For tho' such weeds on earth may grow,
There are no infidels below;)
Thammuz on this,—since change he must—
Gave that sweet creature, *Madam Lust*:

In short each demon in his toast
Avow'd which Fair he honour'd most.

The turn at length to Satan came
To bumper round his darling flame;
"I own that all your toasts, he cried,
Are Beauties long approv'd and try'd,
But I'll give one, in whom alone
The quintessence of Hell is shewn,
Ingratitude!—of vices first,
Most infamous, and most accurst,
That fiend in grain! that hydra-pest!
(Bhold her image on my breast,)
To her Hell's empire owes its birth
To her I owe those swarms from earth;
When other vices rule the mind,
Virtue, by fits, may entrance find;
But let *Ingratitude* bear sway,
Not *Virtue's* shade dare cross the way;
E'en Hell itself, when she appears,
A more than double darkness wears;—
Then in a bumper toast the belle,
As premier Beauty here in Hell."

The fiends aloud the toast proclaim,
And Hell re-echoes with her name;
"Ingratitude! of vices first,
Most infamous, and most accurst."

HENRY AND NANCY.

TWAS in a dark tempestuous night,
Loud did the billows roar;
And, with a dismal hollow sound
Broke on the sandy shore:

When Nancy dreaming of her swain,
A sailor brave and true,
Thought that she saw him, with the waves
Struggling amidst the crew.

Ere the gay lark, with tuneful notes,
Had warbled thro' the skies,
Fair Nancy from her bed arose,
Tears streaming from her eyes;

And to the sea-side bent her way,
Where, floating on a wave,
She saw her Henry's breathless corpse
'Mongst many sailors brave.

With silent grief she view'd the scene
Then plung'd into the tide;
Caught her fond lover in her arms,
And dy'd by Henry's side.

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To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay half yearly in advance 3 dollars per vol.
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